

I am the good Shepherd.
John 10:11

The Shepherd

The good Shepherd giveth
his life for the sheep.
John 10:11

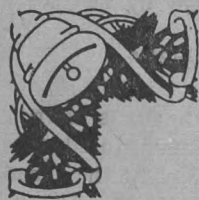
I AM THE DOOR OF THE SHEEP. John 10:7.

Volume 20

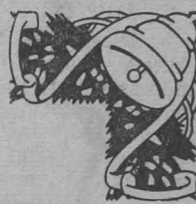
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A Blessed Christmas



Christmas Day

"IN THESE LAST DAYS"

Hebrews 1:1-5; Luke 2:1-14.

"God — hath in these last days spoken
unto us by His Son."

In these last days — Has anything happened of very great importance to us, to our people, to the human race? We are interested in the latest news. It is almost a disgrace not to know what has taken place in these last days. Nevertheless the greatest news has not yet come to the ear of every man although it happened long ago, almost two thousand years ago. It is still news to many people; it is the best news that can be told to men. The Christmas story is always new even to them who know it best. The children love to hear the story of Christmas; old folk too, never tire of hearing it. Yet many have not heard the story of God's love. To some the gospel has not yet been preached, others have heard it with their ears, but this message must be received by the heart.

God has spoken unto us. When God has spoken, we cannot doubt that He wanted us to know something of very great importance to us. God says what He means, and means what He says. God has spoken unto us by His Son. This was the only way that God could adequately reveal Himself to men. "No man hath seen God at any time, the only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him". Jn. 1: 18. In Christ we have the most perfect revelation of God that could be given to men. As much as we are able to understand about God has been revealed unto us by the Son. We do not look for any other revelation.

The Christmas story is the story of a matchless love. Because of love God gave His only begotten Son to the world. Man, lost in sin could not come to God. God had to come to man. The Christmas Gospel is the message of the Saviour's birth. Love caused Him to come to earth to save men from their sins. What a sacrifice Jesus made in order to redeem us! He, "who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Phil. 2:6-8.

In Christ God speaks unto us of sin and grace. The sacrifice of Christ reveals the awfulness of sin in the eyes of a holy God. Left to ourselves we should be lost, — eternally lost. But God would not let us go. "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh." Rom. 8:3. "O love that wilt not let me go." What we could not do by way of the law, Jesus has done for us. Jesus fulfilled the demands of the law for us; He paid the penalty for our transgressions by His death upon the cross.

The Christmas gospel reminds us both of our sins, and of our helplessness, and of God's love which makes forgiveness of sin possible by the atonement through the blood of His Son. By faith in Jesus Christ every one of us may have the forgiveness of sins and His righteousness will be reckoned unto us. Instead of belonging to

Prayer on Christmas Eve

Helen Briggs

Dear God,
Watch over our boys tonight
Wherever they may be
Make the Christmas star shine bright
For them to see.
Let them pause in the midst of strife
When they see the Christmas star
And let them remember this way of life
No matter how tired and lonely they are:

*God so loved the world
That He gave His only begotten Son
That whosoever believeth on His name
Shall not perish
But have everlasting life.*

They'll remember, God, when
They see the Star...
No matter how tired
Or lonely they are.
Amen.

A THREE-FOLD REVELATION OF CHRIST

Hebrews 9:24-28

Johannes Daasvand

It is of greatest importance for believers, and those who are seeking, that they obtain a true picture of Christ in their inner consciousness.

In this portion of scripture, the Spirit of God shows us a picture of Christ which adequately meets our needs as believers and seeking souls.

I. The Revelation on Calvary.

"But now once at the end of the ages hath he been manifested to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. Note verse 26. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. Isaiah 53:5.

John beholds Jesus immediately before the suffering and says: "Behold, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." John 1:29.

Peter, the apostle, speaks about that which had taken place: "Who his own self bare our sins in his body upon the tree, that we, having died unto sin, might live

the kingdom of Satan, we may become members of the kingdom of God. Many received Him not. "But as many as received Him to them gave he power to become the sons of God even to them that believe on His name." In. 1:12. "and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." Rom. 8:17.

This is the Christmas story, Heaven is open and God speaks unto us by His Son. May we listen when God convicts us of sin, and points us to the Savior, that we may be saved by grace.

Listen to God with an open heart, open to conviction, open to the truth. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us — full of grace and truth" Jn. 1:14. May we behold His glory, "the glory as of the only begotten of the Father." Jesus wants you to have a blessed Christmas, clothed in His righteousness, with His peace and joy in your heart. Amen!

—J. P.

The Keeper of the Inn

By Charles Hanson Towne

He did not know whom he had turned away!

There was no room that night in Bethlehem,
And so two pilgrims sought the kine and hay —

Alas! There was no other place for them.

The keeper of the inn closed fast his door
And greeted all the guests who filled his house.

"I have no room," he said, "for any more,"
As on the hearth he laid green olive boughs.

He did not know!... And since then, I and you

Close the heart's door, unmindful of His plea.

Ah! Like the keeper of the inn, we too,
Snap bolt and bar, and turn the heavy key!

unto righteousness; by whose stripes we were healed." 1 Peter 2:24.

His death on the cross was substitutionary. "One died for all, therefore all died." 2 Cor. 5:14.

"For ye died" says the apostle, as he addresses the believers. "Our old man was crucified with Christ," says Paul as he writes to the Romans.

Have you, believing reader, grasped this wonderful truth, that

*Everything which can cause the soul
anguish,
Has on Calvary received its judgment?*

Do you see that Christ died on the cross, not only for the outward sins which we have committed, but also for the indwelling sin, which we daily are conscious of. Our self-life received its judgment in the death of Christ.

Since we died in Him, we are called upon to put to death the self-life by constantly committing it to death. This is what the apostle means when he says "having died unto sin."

But the strength to live this constant, self-denying life, so that it will not become striving, but true freedom, that is to be found in a true union with Him also in His resurrection. And this leads us to the second revelation, namely:

II. The Revelation before the Face of God.

"But Christ entered—into heaven itself, now to appear before the face of God for us. Verse 24.

We are still in the land of the enemy. We are compassed about by enemies whose strength is far superior to the strength which we have. In ourselves we are powerless in the battle against the self-life and all the other adversaries.

But Christ is our Man on the throne. He is our advocate and defender.

*From heaven's high domain
He keeps a holy vigilance.*

"He is able to save to the uttermost him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Hebr. 7:25.

When we in faith see ourselves joined with Christ both in His death and in His resurrection, then we possess the power for a victorious life, which enables us to pronounce judgment on sin, whenever it exerts

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Where God's Glory Shines

There were shepherds of Israel in Jerusalem—the high-priest, scribes, and Pharisees! They had studied God's Word and sat in Moses' seat. What messages they could have had to bring their sheep, scattered in the darkness! What a privilege could have been theirs—to lead their flock to the Good Shepherd! But they cared not for the sheep but for themselves and fleeced the flock for their own honor and gain. They were thieves and robbers. Underneath the sham of their outward holiness God saw their rebellious and unresponsive hearts. Perhaps that was why the angel of the Lord did not come to them with the message of the Savior's birth, perhaps that was why they did not hear the angels sing.

There were other shepherds—Faithful in their humble calling of caring for the helpless and often foolish creatures we know sheep to be. These shepherds had little intellectual learning and wisdom—little of fame, power or influence. They were little known beyond the circle of their own loved ones. But they were godly folk, and doubtless as they heard God speak through the Old Testament they drank in every precious word and their souls clung to the promise of a coming Savior. As they faithfully plied their calling, "abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night," God's angel brought them the glorious news that "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." Theirs became the privilege of the first visit to the manger-cradled Christ-child; theirs the first earthly tongues to relay the message that God's promise through the long ages had at last been fulfilled. That privilege may originally have been meant for the Shepherds of Israel, but when these turned their learning and office against God and His purpose God made use of His humblest servants and granted the lowliest the most unexpected and unparalleled privilege. — "The glory of the Lord shone round about them."

Hardness of heart may keep the glory of His grace from shining from the lofty light-towers, but surrendered hearts permit it to shine forth in the lowliest of lives. May your heart and mine, be so surrendered to Christ that His glory can shine to us and through us. — "Glory to God in the Highest."

—A. K. H.

itself. We walk in the light, committing to Him everything which is not of God, and we are cleansed through the power of His blood.

"Always bearing about in the body the dying Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be manifested in our body." 2 Cor. 4:10.

III. The Revelation in the Clouds.

"So Christ also having been once offered to bear the sins of many, shall appear a second time, apart from sin, to them that wait for him." Verse 28. This revelation may take place at any time. Then the day of work will cease for His children upon the earth. Never again will it be possible to win souls for Him. Then comes the eternal day of gathering, also the eternal separation. May we all be among those who are ready to meet Him with joy, because we are in Him. 1 John 2:28.

THE SAVIOUR BORN

The SHEPHERD — HYRDEN

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Again the Christmas season is here. The greeting of Peace on Earth Good will toward Men may sound strange when the world echoes the bursting bomb and the shrieking shell. Yet it was into such a world, too, the Saviour was born. Perhaps even the Shepherds had felt the crushing weight of the Iron Kingdom of Rome.

Yet then as now the message of peace has a sweet sound to hungry and anxious hearts. Then as now it was possible to live in perfect peace in a world of unrest. Then as now the blessed Saviour only asked for admittance.

It is this peace we wish for our readers. It is this peace that The Shepherd-Hyrden desires to bring through the printed word—the peace that is found in fellowship with the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Therefore we say Blessed Christmas!

Rev. A. M. Vinge:
Camrose, Alta.

Dear Editor and many Friends:

On behalf of the Bethany Sunset Home, I wish to extend my sincere Thanks and Appreciation for the Gifts received during the year of 1944 both in Cash and Gifts in Natura. It has been a great help in carrying on the work.

Permit me to wish you all a Blessed Christmas and New Year. The List of Gifts will be printed in January.

Sincerely yours in the Service
for the Aged.
Sister Marie Weiks.

Circuit Convention Endorses Temperance Work

Edmonton Circuit met for Convention at Bethania Congregation, Pastor J. B. Stolee's charge, Viking. There was passed a resolution heartily endorsing the good work of the Alberta Temperance Forces in their efforts to combat the liquor menace.

Pastor J. B. Stolee was elected president. Pastor M. S. Johnson, vice pres. Mr. M. B. Ness, treasurer. Mr. O. Likness Stewardship secretary; and G. J. Ostrem secretary.

Pastor Bernardson, Dean of Luth. Bible Institute at Camrose gave several inspiring messages: one on "Justification by Faith" as presented in Romans. This as a Bible Study. One on "That Blessed Hope". Said Pastor Bernardson: "It is secure for it is built on Christ Jesus". He also said "It becomes a force in the Christian's life." It makes the sacrifices seem nothing compared with the Glory to be revealed. In another message on Stewardship, he called upon us to present our WHOLE BODIES a living sacrifice to the Lord. He also reminded us that we are stewards of the children intrusted to us.

Mr. O. Likness reported 118% of Mission Budget gathered in. Also an increase in membership.

The Theme of the Convention was "Expanding the Stewardship Program". Pastors and laymen took part. Many contributed in song, all to make a good Convention.

G. J. Ostrem, secretary.

The Hand of a Little Child

By Wilma Thune, Forest City, Ia.

*The years were full of worries,
And Christmas, I also found,
Brought only added burdens
Each time it came around.*

*But this was a different Christmas,
For now I had by my side
A child with eager, questioning lips,
"What is this Christmastide?"*

*"In Bethlehem many years ago —
I sought to make it plain,
And beautifully the story
Unfolded once again.*

*This was the thing that came to me
And made my life sublime,
And brought me again to Jesus —
A little child's hand in mine.*

YOUR CHILD AND YOU

Della Olson

He Admires You

A small boy stood near his father in the office of a school. The father stood auto-graphing copies of a book which he had written. A student entered, picked up a book and glanced through it.

"My Dad wrote those books," volunteered the boy.

A few minutes later another student came in and picked up the book. "My Dad wrote those books," said the boy again.

A third student came in. Again the response came: "My Dad wrote those books." And, after a pause, "He's my Dad!"

*

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" asked a first grade teacher.

The response was immediate. Almost all the thirty-five children had an answer ready, and there was a single motivation for all the answers. Those answers came rapidly:

"I'm going to be a creamery man, because my daddy is a creamery man."

"I'm going to be a restaurant lady because my daddy is a restaurant man."

"I'm going to be a nurse because my mother was a nurse before she married my daddy."

"I'm going to be a mother."

*

Karen, the sister of Muskego Boy, was not just "a silly girl," as her brother thought. She was a very real girl when she sat down "mimicking Mor and pretending that her rag doll was a real, live baby."

"What will we do if the storm breaks!" queried a worried older sister.

"Papa'll have to fix it!" was the ready answer of five-year-old brother.

* * *

He Sees God in You

Someone has written:

"We are the only Bible the carless world will read."

But —

"You are the only Bible the little child can read."

He reads God's authority in you.

*

John's parents let him do just as he pleases. He will grow up to respect no authority, and may have to learn as a hard lesson the justice and authority of God.

*

Jimmy's parents nag him continually. He is becoming calloused. The "Do's" and "Don'ts" roll off him like water of a duck's back. He, too, is growing up to care little about the commandments of man or God.

*

Quiet little Mary is scolded from morning to night. She loves the Lord Jesus with all her heart. But she may grow up to live on feelings of fear: fear, lest she is constantly offending God, and He is angry with her.

*

Jean's mother sends her daughter to the door to say: "My mother isn't home this afternoon." Jean is beginning to tell her own white lies to her friends and to her parents.

"The policeman will get you!" threatens

Willard's mother. How is Willard going to know when he can really believe his mother? How is he going to know that he can really believe God? that when he confesses his sins God is "faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness?"

*

Billie's parents have simple rules and duties for their boy. There is a penalty that is not only threatened, but is surely carried out when he is disobedient. He is taught to ask parents and God for forgiveness. Commendation follows his doing what is right. Billie is learning both the authority and the love of God, as he meets these in his parents.

Your child admires you. Are you worthy? You can be. Do you want him to retain that admiration throughout your life? There is One who is able to make you worthy of being admired and imitated: One who "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think."

Canada Needs Something v.s. Canada Has Something

I read with great interest and deep concern an article by Pastor Mars Dale, entitled "Canada Has Something", which appeared in several of our church papers following Pastor Dale's visit to Canada this past summer. He brought out the fact that at the Bible camps and conventions, at which he was guest speaker, there was a spirit of eager co-operation and open and willing testimony prevalent among the young people. It is good to know that there are many young people who are willing to walk with their Savior on the straight and narrow way, and that they find peace, joy and usefulness in so doing. However at such places as Bible camps and League conventions one does not expect to meet with many indifferent or wholly unwilling people. Had Pastor Dale had an opportunity to visit the congregations of both town and country in our Canada District I believe he would have felt that Canada needs something too. He would have seen the almost complete lack of concern regarding spiritual matters on the part of our men, and the almost total absence of any success in keeping our young men in church after confirmation. There is a vast field of unexplored territory in this respect.

Recently I read this statement, "It is little use to point out a need unless one also points out a remedy." Christ said, "And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto myself." (Jn. 12:32). And how does He draw us unto Himself? Is it not by showering us with blessings, goodness and love? Could not our three strong Canadian organizations, viz. WMF, LDR and the LL have as one of its objectives the encouragement of men's and boy's work? If each WMF would sponsor a Father and son banquet each fall, every Luther League render a Father's Day program in June and the LDR's hold a gathering once or twice a year for their brothers, such as a weiner roast with suitable program in summer, or a party with suitable games, etc. in the winter, would that not be fulfilling the law of Christ to some degree as stated in the mentioned verse?

I hope that those concerned will prayerfully consider the above suggestions, for we cannot have a general turning away from sin and return to the family altar and God unless father is willing as well as mother!

Signed,
A Sincerely concerned Soul.

Why the Limited was Wrecked

Some years ago a fearful railroad wreck took a dreadful toll of life and limb in an Eastern state. A train, loaded with young people returning from school, was stalled on a suburban track because of what is known as a "hot box." The limited was soon due, but a flagman was sent back to warn the engineer in order to avert a rear-end collision. Thinking all was well, the crowd laughed and chatted while the train hands worked on in fancied security. Suddenly the whistle of the limited was heard and on came the heavy train and crashed into the local, with horrible effect.

The engineer of the limited saved his own life by jumping, and some days afterwards was hailed into court to account for his part in the calamity. And now a curious discrepancy in testimony occurred. He was asked, "Did you not see the flagman warning you to stop?"

He replied, "I saw him, but he waved a yellow flag, and I took it for granted all was well, and so went on, though slowing down."

The flagman was called, "What flag did you wave?"

"A red flag, but he went by me like a shot."

"Are you sure it was red?"

"Absolutely."

Both insisted on the correctness of their testimony, and it was demonstrated that neither was color-blind. Finally the man was asked to produce the flag itself as evidence. After some delay he was able to do so, and then the mystery was explained. It had been red, but it had been exposed to the weather so long that all the red was bleached out, and it was but a dirty yellow!

Oh, the lives eternally wrecked by the yellow gospels of the day—the bloodless theories of unregenerate men that send their hearers to their doom instead of stopping them on their downward road!

—H. A. Ironside.

Hauges julekveld i fengslet.

Hans Nielsen Hauge sat bøiet med hodet i begge hender paa sin haarde træseng i cellen. Maten stod urørt. Lyset brendte med lang sortnende væke. Han sat bøiet og i kamp. I kveld, frelserens kveld, barmhjertighetens store fest paa jorden, kjendte han forladthetens store smerte og ensomhetens forfærdelse dypere end noen anden dag i hele det lange aar. Var det Guds mening at han skulde her, indestengt fra lyset og livet, leve hele resten av sin tid? "Ja, ja," hvisket han; "din vilje ske." Men atter dukket fristende tanker frem av det sorte. Han saa sine to venner ansikter. De var gaat den lange vei over fjeldet for at faa tale med ham. Men fengslets dør stengte alle de tusinder som trengte at tale med ham — de var utestengt. Slik skulde han sitte uvirksom resten av sit liv, i mørke, i ensomhet, i ørkesløs venten; aldrig se solen mere, aldrig se kjære ansikter mere. Han bøiet sit hode dypere. "Min Gud, min Gud! Hvi har du forladt mig?" hvisket han i sin sorg. Ikke faa fuldringe sin gjerning, ikke faa bøie sit hode i døden og si: "Herre, det er fuldragt!"

Taarer priblede frem mellem hans hender der han sat. Skuldrene under den graa kufte beveget sig i higstende ryk. Det var lenge stille i den dunkle celle. Hans Nielsen Hauge bad. Bad til den Gud for hvem han allerede som barn hadde bøiet sig. Bad om lys i mørket, om frelse fra synd og fristelse, om trøst i sin store sjelenød. Da — med et skjalv der ind til hans trette sanser et fjernt dir av toner — en livsalig klang som vokste og tilslut brast ut som en jubel alle vegne fra. Det var julen som blev ringet ind over den store stad. Hans Nielsen Hauge sank ned paa sine knæ med foldede hender. Taarerne styrtet ut av hans øine. Han kjendte en usigelig lykke gjennembæve sig, som hørte han himmelens klokke i det fjerne. Gud hadde git ham svar. Julekveldens frelsende budskap var kommet til ham i ensomheten.

"Gud, du min Gud!" mumlet han hen for sig. "Priset og takket være du i al evighet!" Og derute fra hugg klokkerne ind i festlig triumf et væld av toner ut over den mørke by. "Gledig jul" blev der sagt i tusinder av festoplyste hjem. "Gledelig jul" blev der hvisket dypt i den ensomme mands hjerte. Hans Nielsen Hauge reiste sig og stod opreist i den dunkle celle, hvor fattige talglys brendte i dunkel rød flamme. Han foldet sine hender. Lidt efter klang salmen: "Jesu, din søte forening at smake" rikt bævende fra den trange celle i raadstuearresten. Fanger i de andre celler løftet sine hoder og lyttet undrende. Vakten standset sine skridt paa gangene.

—Av Jakob B. Bull.

(Indsendt av L. J. Losen.)

The secret of success is not so much doing the best you can for God as allowing God to do His best with you. —H. E. Dana.

* * *

PEACE ON EARTH

Once again at the Christmas season many minds and hearts will put a question mark after the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased." Sadly people will say to themselves, and it will be published in the press of the world, that the peace that the angels promised and that mankind has always longed for, has not come. This year at Christmas time we are further than ever away from the world-wide peace.

When such thoughts come it is well to remember that in describing this present age our Lord Jesus Himself said, "And ye shall hear of wars, and rumors of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for these things must needs come to pass; but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom" (Matt. 24:6,7). Thus it has been ever since Christ uttered those words, and thus it will continue to be to the end of the age.

Were the angels mistaken then, when they sang, "Peace on earth"? That could hardly be. When the Lord Jesus was about to die for the sin of the world He said to His disciples, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful" (John 14:7). Also in John 16:33, He says, "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye may have peace. In the world ye have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." And the greeting of the resurrected, victorious Christ, to His fearful disciples, was, "Peace be unto you." It is evident that the Lord Jesus Christ possessed a peace that He wanted to give to those who accepted Him as their Saviour God. That was the peace that the angels sang about. And that is the peace that the gospel message has proclaimed to sin-sick mankind ever since.

Man's sinful nature is at enmity with God. God's great love to man was revealed in that while we were yet enemies, Christ died for us, in order that He might reconcile us to God. In His sacrificial death there was propitiation so that the holy God could declare peace and forgiveness of sins to His enemies, and yet be just though He thus justified the ungodly. So also in the death of Christ there was reconciliation for mankind. In Him man humbly bowed before the holy God, confessed sin and accepted the judgment upon sin. Now this Man is our Peace. "Being therefore justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

There is peace in heaven in the heart of the holy God. The treaty of peace was signed in the blood of Christ, the sign of the cross. When the Lord Jesus Christ ascended into heaven He was not only the Son of God returning to the peace of the heavenly Father. He was also the Son of Man and in Him all mankind was received in peace. This fellowship of peace with God is declared to all mankind in the gospel and is applied individually to each person in the sacraments. It then becomes possible for us to quit continuing our warfare with God, and instead surrender to Him by trusting in Jesus as our Saviour God. Then we individually have peace with God.

The peace which God enjoys because of the finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ, we, too, may enjoy in our own hearts. This peace we experience when "the love of God has been shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Spirit which was given unto us." This is the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding, and which guards our hearts and our thoughts in Christ Jesus." Instead of being disheartened, all Christians today can rejoice that we are permitted to see this marvel and miracle, that in the midst of the awful warfare of the day there exists a people of God who know that there is peace between them and God in heaven, and who experience the peace of God in their own hearts, knowing the forgiveness of sins and the presence of the indwelling Prince of peace.

But will there never be peace on earth, in the sense of peace between the nations? Did the prophet not say, "He will judge between the nations, and will decide concerning many peoples; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks; nation shall not

JACK LONDON — —
OUR STRANGE COMRADE

By Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes

Jack London became one of the most picturesque literary figures in America. His life was sadly romantic. He was oppressed and made morbid by the fact that he was illegitimate. His father never really confessed his own son; while his mother remained throughout his career as a maternal handicap and a fretful spendthrift. In the item of wasting money. Jack needed no help. Yet his mother became a direful assistant.

His boyhood knew hardships that shadowed him day by day; in his manhood he made for himself hardships that were constant. His frightful losses in the foolish building and voyaging of his boat, The Snark and his extravagant expenditures on his Wolf House where his treasure became ashes, were only the large evidences that he was in vast need of a business manager.

Yet he managed himself even more unwisely than he managed his travels and his real estate. Early in life he began to trifle with the bottle declared by Shakespeare to be the thief of brains. In 1891, when he was fifteen years old he took "his first drink." "Eager to prove that he was a man," he became a progressive drinker, not because of taste, but because of pride. When times were dull, he drank for excitement; when times were wild, he drank to cause more wildness. The creases or marks on the pages of Irving Stone's biography become well nigh constant as one reads the record of Jack London's queer thirst. On the route of the Sophie Sutherland, he though naturally kindly, would drink with rough comrades until he would wantonly wreck a native village and make sorrow for the poor. There were intermissions between the drinking seasons. Once he carried a quart of Scotch whisky over the Chilcoot Pass in Alaska without removing the cork for six months; and at length used it as an anesthetic for a badly injured man. Yet corks grew to be bungholes,

lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more" (Isa. 2:4)? Most assuredly that promise and vision has not yet seen its fulfillment. Practically all the nations in the world have beaten their plowshares into swords, and their pruning-hooks into spears. They fulfill the cry of the prophet Joel, "Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong" (Joel 3:10). And so it will be until the last great warfare. When the nations begin to realize that it is not each other that they must fight for the control of the world, but that the Lord Jesus Christ Himself is returning to take the power and to reign, then will the nations be united for the purpose of fighting against the Lord and against His anointed. "These shall war against the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them, for he is Lord of lords and King of kings; and they also shall overcome that are with him, called and chosen and faithful" (Rev. 17: 14).

Only those who have peace with God in a cleansed conscience can really celebrate Christmas in their hearts. But as we rejoice in the fulfillment of all the promises of salvation in the scriptures, let us not forget the promises of glory. "In hope are we saved." God has intended that the Star of hope shall shine in the dark night in which we dwell on this earth. The Lord Jesus Christ has told us that He Himself is the Bright, the Morning Star, and He is that in His promise of His coming again. Let Christians strengthen themselves in the hope of His coming. It is good to remember His promise. It is good to meditate upon it. It is good to let it shine like a light in this dark day.

Let all true preachers and teachers of the gospel remind the Christian people of the promise of Christ, that He is coming again to demonstrate that He is the Prince of peace, and to establish the peace of heaven on earth as well. "When these things begin to come to pass, look up, and lift up your heads; because your redemption draweth nigh." So our Lord Jesus said, and so we who preach the gospel should also preach. Though involved in this world's wars, we will never forget that "our citizenship is in heaven whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. SMM.

and drops became gallons, as his sprees became more nearly chronic. Even after he made a sensation by publishing *The Call of the Wild*, he heeded the call of the wild in his own blood and "got tipsy dreaming more roseate dreams for the future." He celebrated his happiness with rum; and he celebrated his sorrow in the same fashion. Drink is a great liar! It tells you that it will cool you in warm weather and warm you in cool weather!

Thus more and more the body began to demand the alcohol that the mere taste did not desire. His up-and-down moods became more morbid and intense. New York City "excited him physically and depressed him nervously," so that when he entered its precincts he wanted to "cut his throat." Once Upton Sinclair met him there and found him wild and "bleary" and draining over-plenteous liquor with his meal. But his drinking became too habitual to be simply geographical. Ira Pyle declared that at lovely Santa Rosa in California Jack drank his whisky "out of a twelve ounce tumbler" and defeated all rivals in consumption! Evidently Pyle considered himself no amateur! Yet he says that London took four or five drinks to his one. At last London's mind demanded the stimulant for composition. So when his pen was slow or dull, he whipped it to speed and skill by the false help of rum.

Oddly enough, the social sense of his nature contested with his personal appetite. No one could fairly question his interest in human beings. Had he been as anxious about himself as he was about them, he might have escaped from his alcoholic Devil. A personal drinker, he was still a voting prohibitionist in local elections! He rode his horse, Washoe Bill, into Glen Ellyn and voted for no-license because he was convinced that saloons were a peril for working-men and their families. Plainly, he laid more emphasis upon St. Paul's law of charity than he did upon the great Apostle's insistence that his own body should be the temple of the Holy Spirit.

In this confused attitude London has had some near-companions. I have personally known drunkards who were ardent advocates of teetotalism and prohibition! Indeed, as I write these words, my memory sees a sad group of reeling pleaders against rum! After all, is not the man who has known the scorching agony of flames a good witness against fire? In the play, *Lightning*, which impressed New York with its long run a few years ago, the central character was a pitiful pleader against his own habit.

But Jack London had a peculiarity in this respect: I can find in his words nothing that resembles a total abstinence pledge. Upton Sinclair is doubtless right when he says that Jack had "not the slightest intention of giving up liquor." He patronized the dram shops that he desired to outlaw!

Out of this queer medley of feeling there came at length his *John Barleycorn*. Published serially in the *Saturday Evening Post* it was made into a book that produced a weird and wide effect. Ministers and reformers gave it praise; distillers tried to have the motion picture, made from its pages, suppressed! Jack declared that the mingling of autobiography and fiction was not overdrawn, adding "I did not dare to put in the whole truth." Who could?

Personally, I think that the main point of the volume was that the accessibility of alcohol explained its great use! It beckoned to you at every turn of life; and it surely beckons now more constantly than it did in Jack's life-time! He wanted John Barleycorn treated as if he were "arsenic or strychnine, and typhoid and tuberculosis germs"! He cries out—"Don't let him lie around, licensed and legal, to pounce upon our youth."

That demon certainly did pounce upon a youthful genius named Jack London. I close with a statement by Upton Sinclair. In his autobiography, "American Outpost," Sinclair speaks of the terrible problem of his own father drinking. He adds that he ran into the same trouble with "George Sterling, Jack London, Ambrose Bierce, W. M. Reedy, O. Henry, Eugene Debs,—a long list." Then he adds—"I have a photograph of Jack and George and the latter's wife, Carrie, taken on Jack's sail-boat on San Francisco Bay: three beautiful people, young, happy, brilliant—and all three took poison to escape the claws of John Barleycorn. Now there is a new crop of friends.

our best,—novelists, dramatists, poets, journalists—all stumbling down the same road of misery."

What was the personal sequel for the lovable London? On the morning of November 22, 1916, his Japanese servant found him in a narcotic unconsciousness that soon became death! On the floor were two empty vials labelled as containing deadly poisons!

But the preliminary poison was not morphine or atrophine sulphate! It was Alcohol! Jack London was forty years of age when he died. John Barleycorn had won!

—The Voice.

Kamma Lenning:

NAAR GUD SIER NEI

Det kom en kvinne bort til min gamle bestemor og spurte: Tror du at Gud hører alle bønner? Jeg har bedt om noe i syv aar og er ikke nærmere maalet idag enn da jeg begynte. Tvertimot synes det aa bli mer og mer stengt.

Jeg var bare ti aar dengang. Jeg husker saa godt min kjære, gamle bestemor der hun satt paa forhøiningen ved vinduet mens jeg satt ved hennes føtter og strikket ivrig paa et par vanter. Og svaret prentet sig inn i mitt hjerte og er siden hentet frem gang paa gang efter at jeg selv mange, mange aar efter blev et Guds barn som ogsaa lærte aa gaa til Ham i bønn. Bestemor svarte uten betenkning: Kanskje har du faatt svar. Gud hører alltid bønn og besvarer dem ogsaa. Men det er jo mulig Gud har svart NEI paa din bønn, men at du har overhørt svaret fordi det ikke var i overensstemmelse med ditt ønske.

Gud hører alltid bønn. Men det er saa at Gud somme tider sier "nei" og somme tider "vent".

Elias bad Gud inderlig om aa maatte faa dø i ørkenen. Men Gud svarte nei. Og saa gav han Elias noe bedre — han tok ham hjem til himlen i en storm.

Moses vilde gaa inn i løftets land. Gud sa vent. Moses døde uten aa opnaa løftet.

Men — det var ikke alt. For Moses trodde Gud og saa løftet "langt borte". Fjorten hundre aar senere fikk han besøkte løftet land. Da Jesus blev forklaret paa bjerget da talte han med Gud. Moses og Elias blev innbudt til denne herlige anledning.

Kanskje maa du vente lenge paa bønnesvar og du er saa trett og saa motløs. Glem ikke at ventetid behøver ikke aa bety at Gud har nektet din bønn. Den kan bety at Gud forbereder dig — eller de du ber for. Det tar Herren mer eller mindre tid aa forberede oss til bønnhørelsen.

Paulus bad at Gud skulde fjerne en torn i hans kjøtt, men Gud sa nei. — Men Herren tilføide: Min naade er dig nok. Han fikk altsaa svar, men det blev NEI.

Da Gud hadde sagt nei, gikk Paulus da bort fra Herren av bare misforståelse? Nei — Paulus trodde Gud og forstod at hadde han faatt det begjærte, var det blitt ham til ødeleggelse paa en eller annen maate, som han ikke selv hadde oversikt over, men som Gud saa inn i. Naar vi ønsker noe riktig intenst, er det meget vanskelig for oss aa forstaa eller bølge oss under Guds "nei". Vi synes alt vi gjerne vil opnaa maa bli oss til gagn, men saa er ikke tilfelle.

Jesus bad i Getsemane at kalken maatte bli tatt fra ham. Men Gud sa nei til sin egen elskede sønn. "Din vilje skje" var Jesu svar og kalken blev drukket fordi det var Guds vilje. Og en engel blev sendt ned for aa styrke vaar Frelser.

Glem aldri at naar Gud sier nei til dig er det alltid en engel nær for aa styrke dig.

Og glem heller ikke at det lønner sig alltid aa be. Selv om vi faar et "vent" eller et "nei". Hvordan skulde vi overhodet finne ut av Guds vilje, saafremt vi ikke bad?

Bønn er den kristnes aandedrag vet vi, og bønn er den avgjørende aandelige kamp. Det tar Gud meget lengere tid aa rense sine barn enn det aa bønnhøre. Men naar viljen er ganske bød, da kommer Hans svar som en sakte susen.

—Bymissioneren.

"Revenge hurts both offerer and sufferer; as we see in a bee which in her anger loses her sting, and lives a drone ever after." —Bishop Hall.

* * *

EG MINNEST

Eitt attersyn paa syttiaarsdagen.

Av Ludvig Hope

Denne fine talen er fra "Ved Juletid," 1941, utgitt av Fjellhaug elevlag ved Kinaforbundets ungdomsskole ved Oslo. En veninde av mig, frk. Ebba Parelius Waaler, Sioux Sity, hadde mottatt heftet i juli ifjor, altsaa over et halvt aar efter all postforbindelse med Norge var brutt av. Hun var saa elskverdig aa sende mig talen, og nu naar den 72 aarige kristenhøvdning ogsaa er blitt saa farlig for nazistene at de har tatt ham til Grini, burde hans "Attersyn" bli lest som bud og hilsen ogsaa til hans venneskare i det norske Amerika. Og minne om, at den gamle troeskjempe særlig nu trenger ogsaa forbønnene av kristenfolket herover.

Kristine Haugen.

Naar eg i denne store menneskeskaren har faat hug til aa bera fram eit og anna fraa mitt liv, saa synes eg aa ha funne ein viss rett til aa gjera det ut fraa eit ord av Paulus. Det lyder saa: "Det eg her talar, talar eg ikkje etter Herrens vilje, men lik-som i daarskap." (2 Kor. 11, 17.)

Det er denne min daarskap eg ber dykk at de ogsaa maa tola av meg. Som de nok vil forstaa, saa er det mange ting som stig fram i mitt minne idag.

Barndomsheimen.

Eg minnest min barndomsheim og dei aar eg som barn og som ungdom fikk vera der. Eg minnest min far, han med det store hjarta, med det harde slit for aa betala skuld og skatt og for aa faa mat til mange munnar. — Eg minnest mi gode mor med det uslitelege humor, med sin store kjærleik, sit taalmod og si uvanleg store arbeidsevne. — Eg minnes den store syskenflokk, dei som har stridt den gode striden, dei som er her saman med idag og dei som ikkje er her. — Ikkje minst minest eg dei som er vestenfor to store hav. — Eg minnest med takk til Gud mine barn som saman med sine born er her i stova naa men eg vedgaar at av alt og alle som eg minnest gaar tanken mest sterkt til mitt yngste barn, Martha, med sin mann og deira vesle Synneve, langt der aust i Manchuria. Eg veit ogsaa at av alle som i kjærleik minnest meg idag, rekk ingen lenger enn Martha og kven av oss to som ville sett mest pris paa aa faat voro saman her idag, ho eller eg, det torer eg ikkje seia. Noko av det som har slite mest i mine sjelstrenger, var den stunda me sa kvarandre farvel i den gamle ærverdige kinesiske hovedstaden Mukden. Men for at ikkje nokon skal ha grunn til aa mistyda dette vil eg leggja til: Eg er glad over at Martha er der ho er, daa eg veit at ho fær vera til nytte der.

Men før eg gaar vidare fram gjennom livet for aa nemme noko av det som stig fram i mit minne, maa eg faa ta ein liten trip attende til mine barndoms- og ungdomsaa.

Det første salmeverset.

Ein av dei første dagane eg var i skulen, fekk eg til leksa det verset i salmeboka: "Hvo ved hvor nær meg er min ende." Eg tok salmeboka, gjekk ut i "nystova" for einsam aa prøva aa læra verset. De veit at alle versa i denne salmen sluttar saa: "Min Gud, gjør dog for Kristi blod min siste avskedstid." Det er denne mi første medvitne barndomsbøn som naa paa nytt stig sterkt opp i mitt hjarta. Soleis kan barndom og alderdom møtast.

Eg minnest ogsaa daa eg som niaars gamal gutt drog bort fraa far og mor, daa eg fekk til oppgaa aa stelle med sau og geit, og att aat vera "barnegjenta." Kor godt kan eg ikkje enno minnest naar eg i skog og fjeld faafengt lydde etter bjølla, naar mørkret seig paa og eg ikkje visste nokor annor raad enn aa be Gud hjelpa meg til aa finna det eg leita etter og føra meg vel heimat.

Ut i verden.

Og saa kom den store naadedagen, daa eg som 17-aaring laag i potetåkeren heime paa Hope og reiv ugras, daa lyset rann og eg for første gong fekk tru meg frelst. Men ikkje minst minnest eg den dagen eg for alvor sa farvel til min barndomsheim. Med min fattige sjølvлага handkoffert vende og meg daa og stod paa "Kleiva" for aa faa den siste glytt av stova. Eg visste at barndomsheimen ikkje lenger var min heim, og no stod mi ferd ut — ut i ei kald og faarefull verd. Hjarta skalv og mjukna, mens

taara fann veg fraa otten i eit saart bryst. Kor skal det gaa meg no — meg — eg som var saa urøynd — eg — som visste saa lite — eg — som ingenting var tiss, det stod nagelfast i hugen min, for det hadde saa mange gonger vorte sagt meg, saa det maatte eg tru, som det ogsaa var uraad aa gløyma. Eg visste ogsaa at eg var den ringaste i min fars hus. Kva skulle det verta av meg?

Med øks og sag og vedsekk.

Saa kom eg til Bergen, og som det var idag, minnes eg daa eg som "fliserivar" bar øks, sag og vedsekk gjennom Strandgata, og daa den snille kristne kvinna eg budde hjaa, den eine gangen etter den andre møtte meg i gongen med disse ord: "Kvar gong eg ser deg koma med vekseken paa ryggen, er det ein sterk røyst inni meg som seier: "Gud har tenkt deg til noko anna enn aa bera paa ein vedsekk." Men eg tenkte: Kunne eg berre duga til aa bruka øks og sag og bera paa vedsekken, kunne det agsaa vera ei framtid for meg.

Paa Emissærskule.

Og saa kom det som var saa uventa og utenkt: Eg kom paa emissærskulen i Bergen, det Herrens aar 1890. Og korleis kan eg gløyma daa puslingen som ingenting dugde, fekk leggja vedsekken av og som 19-aaring fekk setja seg paa siste benken i "Den nye totalen" i Hollendergaten, og der faa høyra Brandtzæg, Eckhoff, Meyer, Ole Iversen, Traasdahl og Jakob Svædrup! For ei tid! — Og for aa gjert eit langt byks: Eg minnest da Brandtzæg og frua gav meg heim no. 2, i sin fagre heim paa Fjøsanger, rett ved "Paradis," og seinare paa Framnes i Hardanger, der eg ogsaa fekk byggja min eigen heim, og der eg fekk leva den fagraste og lukkelegaste tid i mitt liv. "Aa eg minnest, eg minnest saa vel denne heim!"

Den fagraste tid i vaart folk.

Men naa vert de nok snart trøytt av aa høyre paa alt dette "eg minnest." Like vel maa eg faa hefta dykk ei stund til med dette same emnet. De forstaa nok at det ligg mange minne dulde i desse 50 aar eg fekk ferdist mellom vaart folk, i ei stor og voksterrik tid, med ordet om Guds rike — sikkert baade den fagraste, den største og den lysaste tid i heile vaart liv som folk. Mine tankar gaar til dei mange heimar som opna sine dører for meg, som gav meg husly, sin beste mat og si beste seng. Eg minnest bonden som saa villig og glad tok hesten av stalden, og gratis kjørde meg mil etter mil i sol og varme og i bitande kulde. Eg minnest ogsaa med takk alle dei som drog baaten av naustet, som ogsaa gratis rodde eller siglde meg over fjordar og havbukter, tidt med faare for sit eige liv, og saa — dei mange og lange reiser langs vaar sribare kyst, daa naar mørkret, skodda eller snøtjukna gav oss aa ottast det verste. Men ikkje minst minnest eg naar stormen, ei tom mage og sjøsykja gjorde meg like sæl baade for liv og død. Eg minnest ogsaa naar kofferten vart for tung for neve og arm, og naar ei vridd bjørke- eller seljegrain vart fest til handtaket og lagd paa oksla, og daa det paa den vis bar gjennom dalen, gjennom skogen og over dalar og fjell.

Men dei lysaste minne samlar seg likevel om daa me samlast om ordet, daa Guds aand slo ned mellom oss, og daa ungdom, eldre og gamle vart vunne for Gud. Daa song det inne i hjarta: "Naar vi vet at syndre vekkes, vite vi at Gud er nær."

Her ikveld maa eg ogsaa faa minnest og nemna dei mange som eg veit om, og dei som eg ikkje veit om som har fylgt meg gjennom livet med sine bønner. Kanskje mest av alle skuldar eg dei mi takk.

Eg minnest mine mange medarbeidarar, som er komne vel heim og dei som endaa er saman med meg her i denne verda.

Min tanke gaar ogsaa til dei som naa i tunge og vanskelige tider skal ta arbeidet opp etter oss.

Før og no.

Eg dreg meg ogsaa til minnes naar eg i stridens dagar fekk fortente og ufortente slag, daa naar eg vart gjort mindre enn eg var, — og eg er ogsaa nøydd aa minnst denne siste tid av mitt liv, naa naar eg er vorten gjort saa mykje større enn eg er.

Den første tid, daa naar eg vart gjort mindre enn eg var, det var mi beste tid. Det ser eg naa. Men naa naar ufortent ros stig fram, naa er det saa visst ikkje mi beste tid. Eg veit at det som hender

meg naa, der ligg livsens største fare.

Den som berre kunne læra ikkje aa la seg daara av ros, men alltid koma i hug den enkle sanning, at alt syndig, ugjort og misgjort, det er mi ros, men alt som hadde det rette innhald, det var alltid ei gava fraa Gud! Gløymer me det, daa gløymer me baade oss sjølve og Gud. Det er ei trist sanning at dei fleste av oss er for smaae til aa vera store.

Vort folk og vort land.

Eg kan naa i denne stund ikkje la vera aa minnst vort folk og vaart land. Av alle land eg fekk sjaa, saag eg ikkje eit saa fagert som Noreg. Det er ogsaa mi overtyding at heller ikkje noko folk har hatt det betre enn vaart, eller staar høgare korne moralsk eller kristeleg. Visst har me mangt og mykje aa klaga over, ja, ogsaa aa skamma oss for, men trass i det har dei kristeleg sanningar og kristeleg liv ei sterk og djup rot i vart folk. Den dom som naa ligg over oss, er ikkje dom til død, men til liv. Stormen som rasar over vaart folkehav, vil snart stilna, og me skal faa anda i reinsa luft. Riset vert ikkje brukt paa oss i harme, men i kjærleik. Det ligg i Guds faderhand. — Visst er det naa som før, at all tukt synes vel, mens ho staar paa, ikkje aa vera til glede, men til sorg. Men sidan gjev ho dei som dermed er opp-tamde, ei fredrik frukt som er rettferd. Den Herren elskar, den tuktar han, ja han hudflingjer kvar son som han tek seg av. Taara som datt saart og stillt fraa tusentals kristne, fraa høg og laag i vaart folk, ho datt ikkje i ei ald, islagd og blodfarga jord. Dei vart alla sank i Guds flaska og vil sendast attende til oss ved Guds ord, ved Guds aand og ved Jesu Kristi vitne. — Daa vert det i Noreg atter dag med vaarsol og song i skogen. — Den tru kan eg ikkje sleppa!

"Gud signe deg Norge, mitt deilige land!"

Takk daa, alle som saag innom vaar dør paa min 70aars dag. Om eg kunne, ville eg ogsaa teke dei mange rundt i landet i handa og gjeve dei mi takk, alle som møtte meg med velvilje, hjartelag og forbøn. Takk alle!

Men Gud vere takk i vaar Herre Jesu namn! Han vere æra, takka og tilbeden gjennom alle ævor!

GUDS JULEGAVE

(Rom. 6, 23. 1 Joh. 5, 2)

(Avdøde Pastor K. O. Lunddeberg)

I julen pleier vi gjerne faa gaver. Og vi er glad i gaver. Se bare paa barna hvor de fryder sig i julegaverne sine. De ser paa dem og beundrer dem, og tar dem gjerne frem for at andre kan se dem. Saa er det gjerne ogsaa med os voksne. Naar vi sitter ved juletreet og faar høre der er nogen gave til os, saa blir vi straks interesserte og skynder os at faa se hvad det er, og faa vise frem vor gave for de andre. Og vi synes gjerne vor gave er den gjildeste av alle.

Disse gaver er gjerne helst noget smatteri. Somme tider kan det vere en stor gave. Jeg fik en gang kjøre med en fremmed leke i hans nye \$4000 Marmon car. "Denne fandt jeg en julemorgen i min garage", sa han, "det var julegave fra min datter. "Det har hendt at en far har git sin søn eller datter som jule gave et nyt moderne hjem, fuldt ferdig til at flytte ind i. Det var en verdifuld og kjær julegave, især fordi den kom fra far.

Men tenk, vi har faat en julegave like, fra himlen, fra vor himmelske bort fra, om ikke før, saa naar man bæres ut derfra. Og saa er det bare nogen yderst faa som faar slike gaver.

Men tenk, vi har faat en julegave like fra himlen, fra himlen, fra vor himmelske far. Og det er "naadegave", saa den er git til alle, uten hensyn til hvem vi er. Har du hørt noget saa vidunderlig? Og den er slik at den aldrig mister sin glans, og man trenger aldrig at gi den fra sig.

Denne gave har vi hørt meget om like siden vor barndom. Der er talt og sunget om den aar efter aar, især i julen. Men for mange er dette blit en gammel historie. Selv for Guds barn mister den ofte av sin glans, saa hjertet ikke atter banker i jublende glede over at eie en saadan gave.

"Aa, dersom du kjendte Guds gave", sa Jesus engang. Mange av os har bare saavitt begyndt at faa aapne pakken for at se hvad der var indenfor det graa papir. Jeg har set julegaver pakket ind i saa mange omslag at det tok en lang tid at

faa komme ind til selve gaven, og da fandt man maaske en — gammel knap.

Ikke saa med Guds julegave. Den kom nok i et ringe svøp — barnet i krybben, svøpt i kluter. Saa den er noksaa tilhyllet for det naturlige øie. Men faar man se litt indenfor, ind i denne "guds fryktens hemmelighet", saa finder man perlen som overstraaler alt.

Baade Paulus og Johannese kalder gaven "det evige liv". Rom. 6, 23: "Guds naadegave er evig liv". 1 Joh. 5, 2: "Gud har git os det evige liv". Det maa være en vidunderlige gave.

Vi stakkars fattige mennesker har mistet livet i den mest omfattende betydning. Ved vor synd blev vi skilt fra Gud, livets kilde Salm. 36, 101, og kom til at sitte i den haapløse død, legemlig, aandelig og evig. Det sørgeligste og tristeste som kan tenkes! Med alle de gode gaver vi kunde glede os ved her paa jorden saa sat vi altid under denne mørke, forferdelige virkelighet: dødens dom. Ingen lys utsikt, intet haap.

Er du vaaknet over dette og har set din sørgelige stilling? Det er nu slik, enten du ser det eller ikke. Og din samvittighet sier dig at saa er det. Da blir du sittende som hyrderne ved Bethlehem ute i mørket og natten, alene uten lys og haap. Og ut av døden kommer du ikke, hvordan du steller dig, og ingen kan redde dig, for alle er i samme stilling.

Men aa, for et velsignet budskap her kommer fra himlen: "Gud har git os det evige liv". "Dig er en Frelser født, Kristus, Herren i Davids stad." Gud har sendt dig en julegave som tar dig helt ut fra døden for tid og evighet. Og det er "naadegave", saa den er git til dig uten hensyn til hvem du er. Den er git til "verden", det vil si til "hverden" som trenger den. Den er din.

Nei, men kan dette være muligt? Er ikke dette bare en vakker drøm? Aanei, det er nok det virkeligste av alt som findes. Barnet Jesus laa virkelig i Bethlehemskrybbe. Han hang virkelig paa Golgata kors. Han stod virkelig op fra Josefs grav og sitter i denne jul ved Guds høire haand af himmelen. Og i denne virkelige Frelser har Gut git mig og dig det evige liv.

Nei, men er dette sandt, da er virkelig himmerike kommet ned paa jorden. Da faar det vere som det vil med alt andet i verden. Denne julegave "slukker sorgen til evig tid." Den bringer lys, selv i dødens mørke, gjør os evig rike og lykkelige, saa vi kan synge midt under the. trange kaar:

"Som fattig betler er jeg rik, et Paradis er jorden mig."

For ut over alt jordens mørke, ja ind over "fordervelsens avgrund" inde i vort eget hjerte, straalder det evige livs sol i Kristus Jesus, vor Herre.

Slik vilde Herren saa gjerne at denne sol skulde skinne ind i mit og dit hjerte i denne jul. La os nu ikke stenge denne sol ute fra vort fattige hjerte ved vor vantro! Det evige livs julegave er din. La den ikke ligge ubrut. Ta den til dig, gled dig i den og si av inderste hjerte: "Gud vere tak for din usigelige gave!"

En saadan velsignet jul ønskes dig i Jesu navn.

Jul i Vesterheimen Redigeret av Herman E. Jorgensen.

Augsburg Publishing House, 425 South Fourth Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota.

Der tales om Julestemning i Julehelgen. I Norske hjem hører det til i julestemningen at Jul i Vesterheimen faar en fremskutt plass.

Denne vakrerjulehefte byder paa et rikt indhold ogsaa dette aar. Her findes fem gode fortellinger, tre betragtninger og skisser, og flere digte. Sammen med alt dette gode lesestof findes ogsaa flere kunstbilag og illustrasjoner.

Vi vil faa serlig nevne det inholdsrike stykke "Norges folk og Norges Kirke, staa sammen fast i Kristi tro!" skrevet av I Dorrum. Her faar man et indblik i Norges kristning som folk av norsk æt burde ha mere kjennskap til. Det gjelder serlig den ungdom som aldrig har set Norges land. "Han kom som venn" av Otis S. Petersen setter dype merker i sind som elsker retferdighet og frihet. I denne gripende skildring finder man hemmeligheten i den trodsige og ubøielige holdning i det norske folk ligeoverfor "de fremmedes" indtog i federlandet.

Kjøp dette vakre indholdsrike julehefte. Kristus har ogsaa en fremskutt plads i Jul i Verserheimen. —V.

Jeg er den gode Hyrde.

Joh. 10:11

THE SHEPHERD

Hyrden

JEG ER DØREN TIL FAARENE. Joh. 10:7.

Den gode Hyrde setter sitt

liv til for faarene.

Joh. 10:11

Winnipeg, Manitoba,

Andet Nr. i December, 1944

“LA OSS SE DENNE TING SOM ER HENDT!”

Julebetraktning av Pastor Fredrik Wisløff.

“Og det skjedde, da englene var fart op til himmelen, sa hyrdene til hverandre: La oss gaa like til Bethlehem og se denne ting som er hendt og som Herren har kunngjort oss.” —Luk. 2, 15.

Naar man har sittet lenge i et mørkt rum, venner man sig til mørket, — og begynner efter hvert aa skimte konturene omkring sig.

Men naar man er i et værelse som er festling oplyst, og saa med ett lar alle lysene slukkes, blir man sittende i stummen- de møre.

Slik maatte det være for hyrdene, da englene var fart fra dem.

For en liten stund siden stod de blendet av et himmelsk lys. “Herren herlighet lyste om dem!” En straalende hvit engel forkynte dem “en stor glede”, — og en himmelsk hærske sang Gud et: ære være, — og lyste fred over jorden.

Det er ikke mange menneskeføne som har sett saa meget av himmelen som hyrdene. Hvor maatte de ikke staa betatt og henrevet ved dette himmelske syn, ved dette straalende lys, ved denne evige herlighet.

Men saa med ett var alt borte. Omkring dem blev det plutselig mørkt, — stummende mørkt. Det straalende lys var avløst av natten, — englesangen av stillheten. Sauenes breken kalte dem tilbake til jorden igjen, — til plikt og arbeide og hverdag. — Og hvad saa?

Da er det hyrdene sier til hverandre: “La oss dog gaa like til Bethlehem og se den ting som er hendt!”

*

Julen har noe av denne herlige glans omkring sig. Der er julelys og glitter. Der Feststemning og sang. Der er glede og sann hygge.

Og alt dette har verdi!

Ingen skal tale nedsettende om julestemning. Den er med og skaper julen — Vaare julesanger er en gjenklang av englesangen. Og julestemningen er et lite streif av den himmelske herlighet paa Betlehems marker.

Efter Jesu inntog i Jerusalem palmesøndag, fortsatte barna aa synge: Hosanna, — og da de blev kritisert, tok Jesus dem i forsvar, — enda barna vel lite forstod meningen med det de sang. Det var palmesøndagens stemning som ennå levde i barnesinnet og som fikk uttrykk i sangen.

Slik skal julesangen og julestemningen bruse som en etterklang fra Betlehems marker, — og selv om den ikke alltid stikker saa dypt og har saar rikt innhold, vil visst ikke Jesus dømmen den; men tvert imot fryde sig ved aa se den.

Ringeakt ikke julestemningen. Sett pris paa den og gled dig over den saa lenge du har den. Gjør alt hvad du an for aa skape hygge og juleglede omkring dig, saa de som er i din nærhet maa føle sig glad.

*

Men julestemningen vil nok svinne. — Stemning varer jo bare til en tid.

Lysene brenner ned.

Og hvad saa?

Da skal det prøves hvor meget du har igjen av evige verdier. Eller om julen var bare stemning?

Ja, julens ytre glans er ikke alltid saa lett aa kalle frem. For barneåinene skinner julelysene klare. — Men naar barndoms- tiden bare er et minne, er det vanskelig aa kalle barndomshjemmets juleglede tilbake.

For den som sitter ensom er julen mer fylt av vemod enn av glede.

Det er mange som gruer til julen. De sier ofte til sig selv og til andre:

“Bare julen er over, skal det nok bli lettere.”

For den som sørger over kjære som er døde, er julen mer av saar smerte enn av

glad stemning. — Julekvelden river ofte skorper av de saar som holder paa aa gro.

Aldri er den ensomme saa ensom som i julen. Aldri er den sørgendes sorg saa stor som naar man skulde være glad om juletreet. Aldri er det saa tomt omkring en, aldri savnet saa sterkt.

Aa nei, — det er nok ikke alltid saa lett aa kalle julestemningen frem.

*

Men like fullt kan det bli jul. Ti det egentlige i julen er ikke stemning.

Naar hyrdene stod igjen i natten, og englene og lysene og sangen var forsvunnet, lot de sig ikke lamme av ensomheten og mørket.

“Kom la oss dra like til Betlehem.”

Om du ingen glad julestemning følger, saa slaa følge med hyrdene. Om du synes dine barndomssengler er langt borte, kan du allikevel oppleve jul, — ja, rikere og sterkere enn da du var barn.

Det er naar lysene og stemningen forsvinner at vi for alvor kan besinne oss paa hvad jule egentlig er.

Og feirer du julen i sorg og vemod, saa la ikke minnene lamme dig. Sorg er ogsaa en slags stemning. Likesom gleden er som et straalende lys, er sorgen som en tett taake; men begge deler kan opta menneskene slik at de glemmer aa dra til Betlehem for aa se hva der virkelig er skjedd.

Nei, kom alle sammen, slik som dere har det, med smil eller taarer, ensomme eller i flokk, i brusende stemning eller kolde og uberørte, — kom “la oss dog dra til Betlehem for aa se denne ting som er hendt, og som Herren har kunngjort oss”.

*

Men om vi drog til Betlehem idag vilde vi bare finne et katolsk kapell, — og slett ingen krybbe med et Jesus-barn.

For det som da hendte, hører historien til, — det var den gang Kvirinius var landshøvding i Syria.

Idag er det ikke noe Jesus-barn. Derfor skal vi heller ikke tilbe barnet.

Vi skal ikke dra til Betlehem i Palestina; vi kom ikke Jesus og julen nærmere for det. — Vi skal besinne oss paa det som er skjedd, — vi “skal se denne ting som er hendt og som Herren har kunngjort oss.”

Barnet vokste. Jesus blev mann. I tre aar gjorde han sin gjerning. Da blev han drept, idet de spikret ham til et kors. Og saa blev han begravet. Men opstod av graven. Og for til himmelen hvor han idag sitter ved Guds side og forbereder den tid da han skal komme igjen.

Dette er det som er skjedd.

Men idet dette skjedde er hele frelsen fullbyrdet, og veien til Gud aapnet.

Julen inneholder i et frøkorn Jesu opstandelses paaskelilje og evighetens seierspalme.

Den som besinner sig paa julens budskap, —besinner sig egentlig paa selve evangeliet i hele dets rikdom.

Julen taler om Guds kjærlighet. “Saa har Gud elsket verden at han gav sin Sønn den eneste.”

Julen taler om syndens gru og om slektens fall. Saa dypt maatte Jesus fornedre sig at han gav avkall paa aa være Gud lik og kom i et menneskes skikkelse. Saa grufull var synden at dette var nødvendig forat slekten kunde reddes.

Julen taler om hva Gud gjorde til slektens frelse. Det som var umulig for loven idet den var maktesløs ved kjødet, det gjorde Gud, idet han sendte sin Sønn.

Julen taler om frigjørelse og helliggjørelse. “Du skal kalle hans navn Jesus, ti han skal frelse sitt folk fra deres synder.”

Julen gir oss et glimt av det evige haap. Da Jesus forlot himmelen og gikk ned paa jorden, satte han døren paa gløtt, forat alle de som tror paa ham skal gaa fra dette jordliv inn i himmelen.

Betenk rikdommen i alt dette.

“Kom, la oss se denne ting som er skjedd og som Herren har kunngjort oss.”

Saa blir det i sannhet jul!

FRED PAA JORDEN

At han skulde komme hjem netop til juleaften! Men huf, veiret bød ham ikke egentlig velkommen, tenkte Knut Lie, idet han knappet frakken tet op under halsen. Slikt et snefog, at han nesten ikke kunde se veien opover; men han kjendte den fra før, aa ja, han kjendte den saa godt, at han gjerne kunde gaat den i blinde.

Skulde han gaa like op — helt op til pladsen, hvor bror Anders bodde, med en gang? Han stod stille og betenkte sig. Nei, han turde likesom ikke. Det var saa underlig at han ike hadde hørt fra sin bror paa 2 aar nesten. Hverken fra ham eller Ingeborg. Han hadde ikke hat ro paa sig derover av den grund og var reist hjem igjen noe før end tenkt for at se, hvordan det stod til. Det skulde vel ikke være noe med Ingeborg, som hans bror ikke hadde turdet fortelle?

Han dreiet til siden og gik ind i et litet hus, hvor han vidste, at fremmede folk pleiet at kunne faa sig en kop kaffe; der var heldigvis ingen andre end han, saa han kunde faa anledning til at spørre om hvad han vilde.

“Jeg tenkte mig op til en mand paa Ny-Pladsen som heter Anders Haga,” sa han, da han hadde drukket sin kaffe. “Du vet vel ikke noe om, hvordan det staar sig med ham?”

Den gamle mand, som stod og puslet ved komfyren, vendte sig om. “Anders Haga?” sa han. “Aa, det er nu saa som saa det. Han brak benet sit her ifjor, og har været noe ussel av sig. Hu Ingeborg har ogsaa været lidt kleinslig —”

“Hvem?”

Den fremmede sprat til, saa han nær hadde velteet bordet. Den gamle saa nysgjerrig paa ham.

“Ingeborg Sørlø vel — konen hans. Du vet da vel, at han Anders blev gift for noen aar siden med Ingeborg?”

Den fremmede lo — en kort, skarp latter. Saa reiste han sig, betalte for kaffen og gik ut.

Jasaa! Saa var det altsaa! Derfor hadde de ikke skrevet. Aa jo, det var noe til bror han hadde. Og noe til kjæreste. Han hadde bedt broren være snild mot kjæresten hans, mens han var borte — og det hadde han nok været; — svært snild, ja.

Han gik opover veien mot det gamle hjem uten nesten at vite, hvor han gik. Hjertet var fuldt av bitre tanker; ak, for en hjemkomst det var.

Der var pladsen! Det lyste fra alle vinduer. Selvfølgelig, det var jo juleaften. Den feiret de nu — de to troløse der inde. Skulde han gaa ind og — nei, ikke paa denne hellige aften. Men hvor skulde han gjøre av sig, han, den hjemløse?

Da saa han det lyste fra en liten stue lengere til venstre. Mon Mari i Bakken bodde der endnu? Hun var snild, hun. Hun hørte til de troende, kunde han min- des.

Mari var alene og blev rent forferdet, da det banket paa døren og den sneede mand kom ind.

“Nei, men kjære da! Er folk ute at gaa saa sent? Se til, at du faar sitte! Bryderi? Aa, langt fra. Skulde en ikke ta imot veifarende folk paa en juleaften. Du er saa velkommen, som var du min egen.”

Det var godt at faa av sig den vaate frakken og faa sette sig hen til en varm ovn. Men han var ikke snaksom, fremmedkaren. Mari maatte besørge konversationen nesten alene.

“Er du langveis fra, du da?” spurte hun. “Jeg kommer fra Amerika,” svarte han kort.

“Aa nei, aa nei da! Der har jeg en søn, jeg ogsaa. Lenge har han været borte. Det er nok Guds vilje, at han ikke skal komme hjem til mig.”

“Lykkelig er han som har en mor til at vente paa sig,” sa den fremmede.

“Det er noe ved maalet dit, som jeg likesom drar kjendsel paa,” sa hun. “Du skulde ikke være fra disse kanter vel?”

“Kanhende det.”

“Og hvor skal du hen nu da?”

“Gud vet det,” sa han bittert.

“Hvis Gud er med dig, saa er det vel,” sa hun mildt. “Du ser saa sørgmodig ut. Har Herren lagt sin haand tungt paa dig?”

Før han kunde svare, blev døren revet op av ivrige hender, og en mand styrtet ind. Hans ansikt var nesten like saa hvitt som sneen paa trøien.

“Mari, er Lars hjemme? Jeg skulde ha fat i doktoren paa timen! Veslegutten vor har faat krampe, og Ingeborg tror han dør, hvis vi ikke faar doktor straks.”

“Lars? Nei, han reiste hjem igaar. Men her er en, som jeg tenker gaar for dig.” Hun pekte paa den fremmede ved ovnen.

“La Anders Haga spørre mig selv!” Stemmen var saa skarp, at de vak i. Den fremmede traadte nærmere, saa at lyset faldt paa hans anökt.

“Knut!”

“Ja, netop. Knut, din bror, som du trodde vel forvaret i Amerika. Vet du, hvad han har gjort mot mig, denne broren min?” sa han, idet han vendte sig mot Mari.

“Nei, jeg vet ikke det. Men jeg vet, at dere er barn av samme mor. Og inat blev han født, som bragte “Fred paa jorden.” Gaa efter doktoren til bror din, han er daarlig i benet, saa han kan ikke gaa selv.”

“Knut,” sa Anders hæst. “Vi blev glad i hverandre, Ingeborg og jeg. Og det var lenge siden vi hadde hørt fra dig. Vær ikke vond paa Ingeborg. Hun har hat tunge stunder for dette.”

Mari la sin rynkede haand paa Knuts arm. “Forlad os vor skyld, som vi forlader vore skyldnere,” hvisket hun. “La der bli “Velbehag mellem mennesker” iaften.”

“Jeg skal gaa for din skyld,” sa Knut mildere. “Du tog imot mig ved venlighet — nu gaar jeg.”

Ut i snefoket bar det — hen over markerne, hvor veien var halvt tilføket, og bort imot sjøkanten, hvor doktoren bodde. Han lo høit, der han gik, fordi han var saa dum at gaa dette erende for sin bror, som han hatet; men latteren døde bort. Hatet? Gjorde han det? Sin bror, som han hadde lekt med, som han hadde feiret julekvelden med der paa den lille pladsen —hos mor?

Aa, julens aand var sikkert paaferde iaften. Julens aand med sin hvisken om tilgivelse og fred. Billede paa billede rullet den frem fra de svundne dage, trek som talte om alt det som Anders og han hadde hat imellem sig og som hadde bundet dem sammen.

“Inat blev Jesus født,” mumlet han. “Forlat os vor skyld,” sa Mari. “Gud forlate mig mine onde tanker. Gud hjelpe mig at tilgi.”

Den onde aand var veget bort — han vidste det. En forunderlig stilhet hersket i hans sjel, der hvor stormen hadde raset. Ogsaa i naturen blev det stille. Skyerne spredte sig og stjernebegyndte at blinke der oppe.

Ganske uvilkaarlig brøt den frem over hans leper sangen han sang som barn om julekvelden:

“Et barn er født i Bethlehem, Bethlehem! Ti gleder sig Jerusalem!”

Ved troen paa Kristus

Alle er I nemlig Guds barn ved troen paa Kristus Jesus (Gal. 3, 26).

La os fremfor alt høre evangeliet og tro paa Kristus. Ikke alene fordi han er Herre, men fordi han er den mand som er traadt i vor syndige naturs sted, har paatat sig, ja overvundet Guds vrede, som vi med alle gjerninger hadde fortjent. Og alt dette har han ikke beholdt for sig selv, men han har git os det til eiendom, for at alle som tror dette i og av ham, skal sandelig ved ham bli forløst fra Guds vrede og tat til naade.

Dersom naturen kunde gjøre sig fortjent til naade, saa trengte vi ikke Kristus til midler og forbeder. Men er det nødvendig, saa maa jo naturen ikke kunne fortjene os and et naade; ti selv at være midler og tillike at ha Kristus til midler, det rimer sig ikke med hinanden.

(Av Luther.)

The Great Giver

By Annie Johnson Flint

He giveth more grace when the burdens
grow greater,
He sendeth more strength, when the labors
increase,
To added affliction, He addeth His mercies,
To multiplied trials, His multiplied peace.

When we have exhausted our store of en-
durance,
When our strength has failed ere the day
is half done,
When we reach the end of our hoarded
resources,
Our Father's full giving is only begun.

His love has no limit, His grace has no
measure,
His power no boundary known unto men;
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus
He giveth and giveth and giveth again.

Do We Talk Too Much?

Lord, help us to train our tongues! Keep
words of malice from them! Never may
they undermine another's character, nor be
a stumbling block to peaceful and rightful
endeavor!

Keep our tongues controlled that they
will not be given to lengthy tirade, un-
necessary or useless disputes! Teach us
how blessed is silence.... curb our speech
when no good can come of speaking! In-
still in us the sense to be still if that is the
better way.... and right!

And, Lord, keep us unmindful of jeers
and ridicule when we do speak in truth,
both in defense and offense!

We ask not to be freed from adverse
criticism, but more to be strong enough to
face it!

If truth, though stinging, is needful to
clear a cloudy situation may we be its ser-
vant; if truth would bring a measure of joy
or comfort to our fellowmen, let us unhes-
itatingly speak that truth!

Too, give us courage to speak uncom-
promisingly on an issue, as we see it, whe-
ther one or many oppose what we say!

Even so, Lord, do we talk too much?

* * *

C. L. C. News

The Christian Service Group has been
organized again this fall at Camrose Col-
lege and the attendance at the meetings
has been encouraging. This group has as
its objective to render Christian service in
any way they can. This year the group
has a hospital visiting committee which
calls on the sick and shut-ins. A Pocket
Testament Secretary was also recently elect-
ed to encourage the use of God's Word
among the students. The officers directing
the work of the Christian Service Group
are: President, Milton Rude; Vice-Pres.,
Nora Rugland; Sec.-Treas., Alma Aspenes;
P.T.M. Secretary, Daniel Vinge.

On October 28 and 29, the Christian
Service Group was host to the annual con-
ference of the Maple Leaf Region of the
Lutheran Student's Association of America.
Students representing Saskatoon, Outlook,
Moose Jaw, Calgary and Edmonton
gathered to consider the convention theme
"Christianity in the World Today." Our
guest speakers were Rev. Frederick A.
Schlotz of Chicago, Ill., Rev. Peter Mohr
and Rev. Galen Morstad of Calgary. Rev.
Schlotz brought messages dealing with
"Our Faith" and "Our Mission." Rev.
Morstad conducted the Bible studies and
Rev. Mohr spoke to us on the place of
missions in the world today.

On Saturday afternoon in a program of
"Ashram Echoes," Joyce Bergh, Gordon
Hope, and Herb Hartig brought to us
some of their vivid impressions from this
year's Ashram.

One of the highlights of the convention
came on Saturday evening when a Fellow-
ship banquet was held in the College din-
ing room. Rev. Schlotz spoke to us then
on L.S.A. objectives. The group singing
was both relaxing and inspirational. Some-
how the lifting of our voices together in
song allowed us to express the happiness
which was ours and the feeling of "one-
ness" which was so surely there.

The rich blessing and the deep joy of
fellowship which we experienced during the
conference will long be remembered by
those who were there.

—J. R.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S LUTHER LEAGUE

G. Loken, Editor, Outlook, Sask.

Volunteers Needed! Enlist Now!

These are familiar words are they not,
and thousands respond to them. This
means they volunteer to go, to do, and to
give—give even the supreme sacrifice of
life itself, if need be.

God too, sends out the call to enlist in
His army. He conscripts no one, but con-
tinually asks for volunteers who will be
loyal to their Leader. Today if you hear
His voice, harden not your hearts. Re-
member you have no promise of tomorrow.
How disappointed Jesus must be to see
so few respond to His call. To those who
reject, He sends out this warning, "My
Spirit shall not always strive with man,
for in such an hour as you think not, the
Son of man cometh — seek ye the Lord
while He may be found, call ye upon Him
while He is near."

We who are in this army are assured of
a faithful, ever present Captain, for it is
the Lord Himself. If He is for us, who can
be against us. All power dwells with Him,
and nothing is too hard for the Lord. As
we daily meet our duties, assignments, and
opportunities, we rejoice to know that the
Captain of our salvation is with us always,
even unto the end of the world.

Why then, do so many hesitate to enlist
in this Army? Oh! taste and see that
the Lord is good. Hark! the voice of Jesus
calling, 'Who will go and work today.' He
would have us go out and recruit other
souls for His Kingdom. Will you volun-
teer?

A volunteer for Jesus,
A soldier true!
Others have enlisted,
Why not you?
Jesus is the Captain,
We will never fear,
Will you be enlisted
As a volunteer?

Special Project Report

"Lord, let it alone this year also....
and if it bear fruit henceforth, well; but if
not, thou shalt cut it down" Luke 13:8, 9.

To us is given another year of grace.
What it holds for us we can only surmise.
Yet as we walk this year with Christ as
Savior, it will be a good year for us. Out-
side of Christ it cannot be a truly good
year.

This new year is one in which God ex-
pects us to bear fruit. The words quoted
above are serious in their message. They
speak of another opportunity. But they
speak also of fruitlessness terminating final-
ly in irrevocable judgment.

To urge upon our leaguers the importance
of bearing fruit is one of the aims of our
Special Luther League Faith in Action
Project. The project seeks also to pro-
vide further opportunities for our leaguers
to be occupied with fruitful activities. Good
works do not make a person a Christian.
But if he is a Christian, he does good
works.

At a recent meeting of our district luther
league Executive we drew up a list specific
activities to be included in our project.
These included:

1. Provision for Christmas services in
vacant parishes where other arrangements
have not been made.
2. Establishment of a short term winter
Bible Institute in the Southern Alberta
Circuit.
3. Establishment of a similar school in
the Peace River Circuit.
4. The preparation of a directory of
Lutheran teachers, with emphasis to be
placed on Lutheran communities securing
such teachers.
5. Expansion of our Lutheran Vacation
Bible School endeavors. There is no reason
why any of our Lutheran communities
should be left wide open as missionfields for
interdenominational Vacation Bible School
workers.
6. Definitely to find a plan whereby
use can be made of consecrated and qual-
ified Christian women as parish workers
in our district.

At the time of this writing (November
28) Pastor R. O. Olson of Claresholm is
energetically going forward with plans for
a short term Bible School in his circuit.

By the time this appears in print, whatever
help we have given through our project to
enable vacant parishes to have services
during the Christmas season will be a mat-
ter of history. By that time we hope that
the plans for a short Bible School in the
Peace River Circuit will have been defi-
nitely formulated.

Whether or not we shall be able to
successfully accomplish item four as listed
above depends on the response we receive
from pastors, leaguers and other individuals
in reporting the names of public and
high school teachers who are Lutheran
Christians. Those who are that would
prefer to teach in a community in which
their own church is present and active. But
how much opportunity is given them to
secure the schools in our Lutheran com-
munities? The excuse may be given by
some, "We do not know where to look for
such teachers." Our Luther League will
endeavor to secure for all who are in-
terested a list of Lutheran teachers. We
count on your support.

The expansion of our Vacation Bible
School endeavors calls for your cooperation
likewise. We are thinking particularly
here of our smaller congregations and
preaching places. Has it not been in the
past that often no endeavor has been made
to secure a Lutheran Vacation Bible School
teacher because "It would cost too much."
But we have Lutheran young people who
are willing to go out in this work without
a guaranteed salary, satisfied with whatever
they receive as gifts from those who have
benefitted by their work. Let us this com-
ing summer have a Vacation Bible School
in every community now served by our
church—or that should be served by our
church.

The special fund for the financial sup-
port of this project now has on hand
over \$150.00. May the interest that has
prompted the giving of these funds be
an indication of the whole-hearted sup-
port that all our District Luther Leaguers
will give to the various phases of our project.

—G. A. E.

News from Southern Alberta Circuit

The Southern Alberta circuit recently
held their YPLL convention at Ibbestad
Church, Enchant with Missionary Palmer
Anderson as the guest speaker. The new
officers elected were: Pres. Rev. G. Mor-
stad, Calgary; Vice-Pres. Mervin Christian-
sen, Claresholm; Rec. Sec. Cora Severtson,
Enchant; Corr. Sec. Melrin Hauge, En-
chant; P.T.M. Sec. Harold Otteson, En-
chant; Treas. Alma Ellefson, Calgary. This
circuit plans to hold its Bible Camp July
22—29 with Miss Cora Martinson on the
faculty.

—G.M.

An Opportunity

Most of our Luther Leagues in Canada
follow the Every Member Plan, and thus
one-fifth of the membership in their turn
constantly bring to the attention of all,
missionary opportunities and work. Don't
you think every missionary committee
should make a list of all children in their
communities not regularly attending Sun-
day School, and encourage such children to
send for application blanks available from
the local pastor or from S.L.B.L., Outlook,
Sask.? Thus, Lutheran Leaguers too, can
have a part in feeding the Lambs.

—G. L.

The Angels' Anthem

The angels' anthem has been sung
Through centuries, in every tongue;
Yet every year we find it new
And wonderful, and sweet, and true.
Our hearts soar toward the heavenly throng,
Blend our faint voices with their song:
Peace, peace on earth, good will to men!
We sing again, again, again,
Until at last, with spirits free,
We sing it through eternity.

—Lillian Reiquam Sandberg.

Have You Done Your Part?

Up to November 1 the local leaguers of
our district had sent in \$729.67 to the
"Youth For Christ" offering. This cer-
tainly is a splendid showing. The Ed-
monton circuit leads the way with \$197.13,
or almost 200% of its allocation. Other
circuits well over the top are Prince Albert,
Camrose, Saskatoon, Southern Alberta and
Peace River. We commend the many
leagues and individuals who have con-
tributed so well to the support of our gen-
eral Luther League work. But even so
the question is asked, "Have you done
your part?" Has every league in the cir-
cuits named above sent in its contribution?
Face your responsibility in this matter.

At November 1 circuits yet to reach their
allocation were Moose Jaw, Swift Current
and Yorkton. Probably the reason why
these circuits are slower than the others in
reaching the goal is that this summer and
fall each one of them has been busy with
their own special project of buying and
paying for Bible Camp sites. We all re-
joice with them at this forward step. Yet
if this is at all possible—and where there
is a will there is a way—we hope that each
circuit will before the end of the fiscal year,
namely January 31, have taken care of its
share of the "Youth For Christ" offering.

No mention is made above of the Mani-
toba circuit. As there are no active leagues
in that circuit, a year ago the District
Executive removed it from the list as one
of the circuits of our District Luther
League. We hope that the day will soon
come when it can again be included as one
of our active circuits. If our congregations
in that circuit are to build for the future,
they must win and hold young people for
Christ, for the youth of today are the
church of tomorrow. Let us pray for our
pastors and other leaders there, that God
would bless their efforts in the promotion
of our Luther League work.

—G. O. E.

The Pocket Testament League

"For the Word of God is living and
active, and sharper than any twoedged
sword, and piercing even to the dividing
of soul and spirit, of both joints and marrow,
and quick to discern the thoughts and in-
tents of the heart."

Who can belong to the Pocket Testament
League?

Anyone may join the P.T.L. who has
made it his personal decision to read God's
Word daily and to carry the Word when
possible.

How does one join the P.T.L.?

Two requisites: that you read God's
Word daily and that you carry the Word
with you. When you have made this your
personal decision, sign the pledge on the
insert that you will find in your Testament.
If you do not have one, you may secure
it from your P.T.L. Secretary or by writing
your League office in Minneapolis. Secure
a P.T.L. membership card, sign it, and give
it to your P.T.L. Secretary who will record
your name on her records. Then send
your card to the Luther League office in
Minneapolis. In return you will receive
a book mark together with P.T.L. material.
You then become a member of the P.T.L.

Is a member of the P.T.L. required
to pay dues?

No dues are required.

We urge all our Luther Leaguers to join
in this crusade of Bible reading. It is
only as we are equipped with the "Sword
of the Spirit" the Word of God that we
can be used of God in our Luther Leagues
to "hold and to win young people for
Christ."

—C. H.

YPLL Radio Broadcast

Watch the SHEPHERD for announc-
ment of a radio broadcast of special interest
to all Luther Leaguers in Canada District.
It will be broadcast over the Lutheran
Bible Hour, CFQC Saskatoon 9.00 to 9.30
a.m., late in January or early in February.